The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

When sets the weary sun,
And the long day is done,
And starry orbs their solemn vigils keep;
When, bent with toil and care,
We breathe our evening prayer,
God gently giveth His beloved sleep.

When by some slanderous tongue
The heart is sharply stung,
And with the sense of cruel wrong we weep,
How like some heavenly calm
Comes down the soothing balm
What time He giveth His beloved sleep!

O sweet and blessed rest!
With these sore burdens press'd,
To lose ourselves in slumber, long and deep;
To drop our heavy load
Beside the dusty road,
When He has given His beloved sleep.

And on our closed eyes
What visions may arise
What sights of joy to make the spirit leap;
What memories may return
From out their golden urn,
If God but giveth His beloved sleep.

And when life's day shall close
In Death's last deep repose,
When the dark shadows o'er our eyelids creep,
Let us not be afraid
At this thick gathering shade,
For so God giveth His beloved sleep.

To sleep?—it is to wake
When the fresh day shall break,
When the new sun climbs up the eastern steep;
To wake with new-born powers
Out from these darken'd hours,
For so He giveth His beloved sleep.

To die?—it is to rise
To fairer, brighter skies,
Where Death no more shall his dread harvests reap;
To soar on angel wings
Where life immortal springs,
For so He giveth His beloved sleep.

—*Unknown.*

THE UNIVERSAL REDEMPTION.

"The earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God. For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of Him who hath sunjected the same in hope, because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God."—ROMANS viii. 19–21.

I. "We who have the first-fruits of the Spirit wait for the adoption"; namely, "the redemption of our body." Our body does not mean here merely our material coverings, but the whole outward man which bodies forth the spiritual nature within and which is the receptacle of all our inherited depravities. Paul terms it in another connection "the body of death," where he describes man as if the individual in his double consciousness were resolved into two men, one delighting supremely in the law of God, the other urging into captivity to the law of sin which is in "our members." In our modern phraseology we call these two the higher and lower nature, the former receptive of the Holy Spirit and answering to its call, the other the abode of all our stormful and unclean passions and responding to the sorceries of the tempter. This outward or natural man, called the body of sin, is not made up of flesh and blood merely; for flesh and blood may drop away altogether, and still the spiritual body be the abode of depraved passions and appetites. These material coverings which we wear obey the law of the immortal man within them. Let that be purged of evil, and it will transform the whole outward nature and make our material clothings fit to us as our robe of righteousness. In its changes and transformations it shall become

obsequious to the soul that "delights in the law of God after the inward man." Matter is neither good nor evil except as magnetized by the spirit within; and, though the natural man may not become free at once from all taint of corruption, hereditary or acquired, perhaps never in his life, yet the full power of the Christian gospel shall bring the whole gang of passions and appetites into complete quiescence, so that the motions of the regenerated heart, love, mercy, compassion, charity, and good will, shall have their forthgoing without hindrance, and then the redemption of our body is complete.

Among all the vices engendered in this "body of sin," cruelty, perhaps, is the worst. It would be unjust to the animal to say without qualification that cruelty makes men brutal, for there are brutes that are not cruel, but gentle and harmless, and which have a sort of sympathy with the sufferings of others. Cruelty allies men with the lowest and most savage natures of the animal kingdom,—its wolves, its tigers, and its serpents. And neither science nor civilization has sovereign power to soften or subdue its spirit. On the other hand, they only make its weapons more polished and keen and withal more destructive. They change the war-club first for the spear and the sword, and then for shot and shell. And what a spectacle has the world presented of the many in subjection to the few!—the human wolves and tigers on the kingly and priestly throne; the multitudes driven into slaughter-pens as if they were so many herds of animals to be extinguished without remorse. Good heavens! we exclaim, as we follow the track of history, is this the story of our race or of some other? Were these men and women who could feel and sympathize and reason and suffer, or were they the monsters of a geologic age before the earth had become green and before the sun had begun fairly to shine? But they were the material which Christianity had to work upon; they were the people from which we have descended, and the first achievement of Christianity was to rescue the many from the cruelties of the few, that the human creation need no longer travail in pain for its deliverance.

II. But the animal creation needed deliverance as much and even more, for these are dumb natures that could not tell their wrongs and have no power to redress them. The animals had no rights which men considered themselves bound to respect. And yet the susceptibility to suffering of the more sensitive animals is equal to, and even greater than, that of many human beings. They are capable, not only of bodily suffering, but suffering from fear, terror, grief, anguish, and the baffled yearnings of those instincts which are the endowments of all animal natures. They are capable, too, of being brought into such sympathy with man as to reflect back upon him, not only the kindness and affection of his nature, but also some flashes of his reason and intelligence. How desolate the earth would be without them! How vacant the air if they did not winnow it with their wings and turn it into songs and serenades! What a solitude were the woods and the groves unless they were made alive with these natives that fill them with the signs of delight and joy and with the exquisite grace of form and motion, and sometimes with melodies more sweet than the music we hear in churches! And what a helpless being were civilized man unless "every living thing that moveth on the earth" were brought into his service and made obedient to his will! Through the air, the earth, and the sea the Creator has poured these streams of conscious life, in order that the whole universe, down even through its smallest veins, shall throb with happiness and joy. If he had not created them for enjoyment, would he have organized them so finely, and sent nerves of feeling all through them to thrill with pleasure? would he have made the gambols of the squirrel exhilarating as the play of children upon the village green? would he have made the linnet to delight in the gushes of his own song? would he have given instinct to the dog mighty as our human affection, whose disappointment is so cruel that he dies of bereavement? would he have put such meaning into the appealing eye and voice of the horse and kine, and such a tongue in their groans and agonies? would he have secreted in the eye-vessels of the deer those little reservoirs of water, to roll down his cheeks in great tear-drops of anguish when hunted and wounded by ruthless men? Oh, if these creatures over which man has dominion had a language in which to send up their petitions and publish their oppressions and wrongs, it would fill quite as large a volume and quite as thick with blood-stains as any book of human oppressions and martyrdoms! And yet the pleadings go up daily to the eternal mercy from this lower creation that groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now.

In the Oriental superstitions there was often an infusion of mercy, and they were permitted because they brought animals and birds, and insects even, into tender sympathy with humanity as if they were a part of it. The doctrine of transmigration taught that human souls had become reincarnate

in the bodies of animals, where they were doing penance for their former sins; and so the Brahmin hears from out these animal natures muffled human voices, and sees human eyes, as it were, looking up and pleading for sympathy and protection. It was a heathen superstition with a half truth in it, and this half truth has done in pagan lands what the Christian whole truth should have done long ago in ours; for it should have made the brute creation so far forth partakers in the human redemption as to banish all needless suffering down even to the insect that sports in the morning sunbeam. The wholesale slaughtering warfare which has been made upon them is not less horrible than our wars of race with race and nation with nation, and not less opposed to the millennial reign of peace and good will on the earth. In the new Christian civilization that is now dawning many an Agassiz is to arise and plead the cause of those who could only plead for themselves in dumb agonies, is to reveal the nature of these tribes below us, which are the noxious and which are harmless, which are man's allies and helpers and which are not, how death for them as for human beings may be deprived of its sting, and how every needless pang inflicted cries both to God and man for avenging justice. How strange that, instead of admiring the exquisite divine workmanship in the wing of the bird, a man should lurk in the thicket as an assassin; instead of joining his note to her morning song should delight only to turn it into a death-note or quench the music of the groves in innocent blood! "New Studies in Natural History!" —it is to be hoped they will be introduced not only into the colleges, but into the schools and the nurseries and the Sunday-schools, until all God's innocent creatures shall have protection under Christianity as well as heathenism. For there is a quasi-humanity in these dumb animals. Theodore Parker believed some of them immortal. I trust they are not, for, alas! what multitudes of them would rise up in another state to confront their human murderers at the judgment seat! But, then, what human qualities are drawn out of them by the power of kindness! What constancy and affection and gratitude that rebuke and shame the selfishness of men! What sympathy with the beauty and grandeur in nature, and sometimes in art even, when what is noble and good is appealed to and brought into manifestation! The horses of the circus will keep step to strains of exhilarating music with a conscious delight, till you begin to wonder which is the more human, the horse or the mountebank that rides upon his back. The long cavalcade moves to martial strains, the animals quite as much as the men, with a pride and a glorying in their eyes and nostrils, their necks "clothed with thunder" and their feet in rhythmic dances, as if one spirit had entered them all and moved them with one purpose and will.

In that day when the savagery in men has been eliminated or softened down, the savagery in brute natures will be softened also as reflecting his own nature back upon him; for there are fine invisible nerves that pervade all the universe and run down from man into all the lower creation, and, when he is himself redeemed, will draw the lower creation towards him and harmonize it with him in one great atonement. For in just the measure that the lion in man's nature lies down with the lamb, just in the same measure will the peace be radiated on all things about him, and so to fulfill the old prophecy spiritually will tend in some sort to its fulfilment literally.

"The wolf shall dwell with the lamb,
And the leopard shall lie down with the kid;
The calf and the young lion and the fatling
shall be together,
And a little child shall lead them.
The suckling shall play upon the hole of the
asp,
And the new-weaned child lay his hand on
the hiding-place of the adder.
They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my
holy mountain:
For the land shall be full of the knowledge
of the Lord,
As the waters cover the depths of the sea."

III. But will the redemption stop here? No, it must keep on till all insensate and inanimate things as well are made partakers of it. By a bold personification, as I understand him, the apostle gives to the earth itself a sort of consciousness of the woes and sufferings on its surface. It is what the old prophets had done before them, when they made all nature sympathize with man both in his joys and his sorrows. When man rejoices, "the mountains can break forth into singing and all the trees of the field can clap their hands"; and again the innocent blood can cry from the ground as if the earth kept throwing it up and refused to drink it in. The ear of the prophet seemed to catch the undertones of Nature and hear her cry, as if the earth had a voice and said: "O ye children of men, how long will ye turn the treasures which I yield to base and cruel ends! How long will ye rend my bosom to find the enginery of destruction, not of beneficence and mercy! How long will ye

dig the mines I hold in trust for you,—the gold, the iron, the nitre, and the gems,—to sate your avarice, cruelty, and pride, and not rather to cover me with the arts and industries of beneficence and peace? How long will ye distill the juices of my vineyards and orchards for your drunkenness and revelry? And how long must I receive the bodies of your murdered victims and throw them up again before the heavens that look down as the witnesses against you?" All this, you will say, is figure; but it is not *all* figure. There is a sort of sympathy of all Nature with all humanity. She copies out of man what is in him, that he may see himself face to face. And so her types beneficent will grow fairer to us and sparkle with a more glorious beauty as we grow better and drink more largely the spirit of mercy, and her ugly deformities will grow more ugly if they become the looking-glass of our own mind. Yea, more, every man in some sort creates the world he lives in and makes the sunshine he sees about him; for his own spirit is the prismatic ground from which the light is turned into sweet colorings and reflections of the smile of God; while again,

"He who has foul thoughts and a dark soul,
Benighted walks under the midday sun,
Himself is his own dungeon."

And what is this world outside of us which we call nature but the changeable vesture which the Creator casts about us? It is not fixed and dead, but a fresh creation of God every hour. It always has had its adaptations to the beings on its surface, and it always must have. And so man's redemption is at the same time the redemption of all the creatures over which he has dominion, and the redemption of nature from the curse that lay upon it, for the curse is primarily in himself. Let his own mind and heart become paradisaical, and he will enter paradise again; for its light will be on the fields, the rivers, and the mountains. "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree," and the three kingdoms of earth—man and animal and inanimate nature—be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

Such is the extent of the gospel of redemption. It moves on steadily and surely. If it has not yet involved you, it is because you choose to withstand it and will not put yourself into its plastic hands. For it works not by magic, but by its own laws and methods. The Jesus Christ who met Saul of Tarsus on his way and melted all his cruelties out of him, that he might become the prophet of a gospel so humane and tender, has the same power over us as over him, is just as near us behind these clouds of sense and in a power and splendor more warm and bright than the Syrian moon, and only asks of us a child-like surrender to his sovereign creative power, that he may work the same transformation and change all the native fountains of gall into the milk of kindness.—*Edmund Hamilton Sears.*

THE STILL HOUR.

"UNDERNEATH ARE THE EVERLASTING ARMS."

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else from me is drifting;
Earth, sky, home pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, my Father! let Thy spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

—*John G. Whittier.*

From faith to faith! From faith in man we rise to faith in God. This is trust, absolute trust, that the universe is based on goodness and love; that all things work together for good; that good is stronger than evil, and must overcome it; that God loves all his children; and that sin and woe, the misery and wickedness of this world! are to end in peace and joy. This was the great faith of Jesus. It was a faith for all mankind on whom the sun shone and the rain fell. Before the mind of Jesus there stood no everlasting hell as a black contrast and counterpoise to an infinite heaven. He believed that he could draw all men unto him, and so to God. He would have the good news of a divine salvation preached to every creature. All who labored and were heavy laden could find rest in this great faith and hope. He has put the spirit into our hearts by which we say Father, and, when we trust in God as a father, we have the germ of all religious faith.

Yet we all need sometimes to say, "Lord! I believe; help thou mine unbelief." We believe a little, but we need to believe more. How shall we increase our faith?

Every act of faith in God increases our faith in him. To him who hath shall be given. He who waits on the Lord will renew his strength. We do not increase our faith by argument, but by exercise. As life advances, our faith ought to deepen and strengthen.

And so, too, of our faith in immortality. Men say, "We may see some reasons for believing in it, but we cannot know it." Suppose some one should say to your little boy: "Your father is very kind to you while you are with him, but he does not care whether you live or die. If you should fall into the sea from a boat, he would not put out his hand to save your life." The boy would answer: "I know better. I know that he would." The child would know it: it would be no mere probability. And shall we say of God, Yes! He is our Father while we are here. He is an ever-present friend, in whom we live and move and breathe. He has formed us with these wonderful powers by which we can know him and love him. He has educated us by the long experience of life, by the glory of Nature, by the far-reaching lessons of history, by the teaching of the wise and good, by the love of all the dear and true, and then he will let us drop into nothing after these few years of earthly experience. He will let us fall back into the abyss of annihilation, while we are yet advancing in thought, aspiration, hope, our real life hardly begun, our reason but half developed, our best powers in their infantile stage of development! And will you tell me that I do not know the contrary, but only conjecture it? If I really know God as my Father, I know that he will not let me go, he will keep his child safe.

"I know not what the future hath
Of wonder or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

"And so, beside the silent sea,
I wait the muffled oar,
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore."

—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.*]

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

OFFERS.

Mrs. F. B. Spalter, 25 Walnut Street, Winchendon, Mass., is willing to send a box of the *Century Magazines* and several volumes of the *Christian Register* to any one paying freight.

We hope that our Cheerful Letter Exchange friends will do a little summer work by sending to the Book Club secretary the names of lonely people in the country places.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. I ask you to remember me with some good reading. I have never written to your society before. I live with my aged mother, who is in very poor health. I, too, have had bad health for many years. I especially ask for a Bible, and the *Cheerful Letter* after some one has read it. Address G. Lee Roberson, Elamsville, Patrick County, Virginia, Box 22.

2. Loraine Parler, Saluda, North Carolina, asks for any of Miss Alcott's books or any of the Little Colonel Series.

3. I am living very far in the country and am not able to buy books. The following are books I would like to receive: books on Etiquette, key to Bible, explaining to work, Mrs. S. T. Rorer's "Cook Book," "In His Steps," and old magazines, and please send me a copy of the *Cheerful Letter* or any book you can. (Mrs.) Grayce Tennyson, R. F. D. No. 4, Shawnee, Oklahoma.

4. Dickens's "Child's History of England" is asked for by Miss Lilian Carpenter, Century, Florida.

5. We have received the *Cheerful Letter* for quite a long time, and enjoyed reading it, but have never sent any request to the Book Club. There are so many books we would like to read and cannot afford to buy, I have ventured to send you a list of some books the different members of the family would *especially* like to read, hoping we might receive a few of them. There are two in the family that are "shut in" much of the time on account of ill health, so good reading is a greater source of pleasure on that account. We lend to others around us, who also enjoy and appreciate it. Yours sincerely, (Mrs.) L. M. Peavey, P.O. address, Monroe, Waldo County, Maine. "The Sky Pilot," "Ruth Erskine's Son," or any book by Pansy; "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"; "New Chronicles of Rebecca"; "Susanna and Sue"; "The Doctor's Daughter"; "An Old-fashioned Girl"; "Polly; A New-fashioned Girl"; "Teddy; Her Book"; "Teddy; Her Daughter"; "Phebe; Her Profession"; "My Soldier Lady"; "Tommy and Grizel"; *Youth's Companion.*

6. I will greatly appreciate it if some one will send me "Plant Studies," by John M. Coulter. Mrs. L. L. Draughon, Whitakers, North Carolina, R. F. D. No. 4.

7. Rev. S. T. Moyle of Conway, North Carolina, wants some magazines. He is a Trinity College man and has three intelligent boys, aged from eight to sixteen. They are reading people and would be glad of some standard periodicals. Mrs. W. F. Galloway, Hobgood, North Carolina.

8. Good reading is asked for by Mrs. Agnes Whitehead, Ontario, Virginia.

9. *Dear Cheerful Letter,*—I want to send my heartfelt thanks to the paper that has helped me so much. Living many years as an invalid, in a self-centred vicinity that is particularly noted for its bickerings and neighborhood quarrels, life, indeed, seemed dreary. Now, although the surroundings are the same, a new life has opened up for me: good reading has been sent which helps me to keep in touch with the "great outside world." The letters and kindly wishes of some of my dear pen friends have been a solace and comfort when life seemed almost too much of a burden. I wish especially to thank those who have been so constant in their efforts to make the world pleasanter for me through these long years, never forgetting to remember me even when burdened by their own sorrow and cares. Mrs. Jessie Rossmiller, Frazee, Minnesota, R. D. 2.

10. Mrs. F. C. Clark, 722 Camden Street, San Antonio, Texas, an invalid (tuberculosis), with three bright and intelligent children, and devoted to books, a girl of sixteen, one thirteen, and a boy eleven. They will be very glad of current magazines or any books. Mrs. Clark would especially like *Ladies' Home Journal* for 1910.

11. Pardon me if I am asking for too much, but I am going to ask you to send me the *Ladies' Home Journal* for the following year, and would be glad of any other paper or magazine you can send me. I would also be glad if any of my Cheerful Letter friends could send me "Lena Rivers" or any other standard novel. I am thirsty for something to read, and all of my sisters, mother, and father are perfectly devoted to reading. But we are poor and consequently are able to buy very little. And besides we live in such a lonesome neighborhood that, if we didn't read, I don't know how we could live. We have two conveniences in our neighborhood. One is the free delivery by our home, and the other is a nearby school. I wish to convey my best wishes to all of my Cheerful Letter friends. Maude M. Luck. Bumpass, Virginia, R. F. D. No. 1, Box 93,

12. Mrs. Vurbia Frey, East Palestine, Ohio, will appreciate magazines.

13. I thank all that have sent me books, cards, and any and all kinds of such articles. My little girl has been sick with typhoid, and I got behind in sending my acknowledgments of some books or magazines; and some did not bear the name of sender. I also wish to thank the person who sent the "Dress Rehearsal Puzzle," the children enjoy it much. I would like to receive a copy of the *Cheerful Letter.* Gratefully yours, Mrs. Susie D. Smith, Yates Centre, Kansas.

14. Mrs. Noble G. Baker, New Walesford, Ohio, will be glad of reading.

15. A friend gave me your address, and I am going to write asking for some reading matter for myself and husband, books, papers, magazines, or any good reading, also some for the three small children. We are renters and have but little money to spare for reading matter, and we all enjoy reading so much, especially as we leave home but seldom. I do hope you will be so kind as to send me something to read and I will try to wait in patience until I hear from you. Mrs. Elmira Morrow, Buffalo, Kansas, R.D. 2.

16. Mrs. H. H. Foster, Monument, New Mexico, will be glad of reading.

17. Mollie Mosefield, Pilot Mountain, North Carolina, thirteen years old, with five brothers and one little sister, will be very thankful for some suitable reading. The mother has been dead nearly three years, and she keeps the house and does the cooking for the father and children: she will be glad also for a letter. The father's address is James Mosefield, Pilot Mountain, North Carolina.

18. Miss E. H. Broaddus, Glen Allen, Virginia, has just returned to her home from the Catawba Sanatorium, somewhat improved, but unable to do much more than fancy work, and asks that reading be sent her. She will be glad of the *Ladies' Home Journal.*

19. It has been some time since I heard from the Cheerful Letter friends, and I would be glad to be remembered by them again. I live in the country and very seldom go anywhere, and would like to get something to read; and my niece, Miss Marie Harrison of Alvin, Texas, would be very thankful for reading matter, as they have moved among strangers and she is very lonely. My two children would be pleased with some fairy stories. Mrs. S. A. Pace, Lancaster, Texas. R. R. 2.

20. Mr. N. T. Hale, Ben Hur, Arkansas, will be glad to receive anything in the way of books or magazines, also the *Cheerful Letter.* Rev. C. W. Johnson of Ben Hur writes that he knows Mr. Hale to be a good man, wholly unable to pay for any reading matter.

21. Miss Mayme A. Ferrell, Columbiana, Ohio, an invalid and shut-in, will be thankful for any reading, especially anything pertaining to the Emmanuel Movement as well as other reading, especially "Darrel of the Blessed Isle."

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

[John True had been enticed by another boy to stay away from school. This article and the next describe his experiences and the manner in which his parents dealt with the matter when they knew what had happened.]

DIFFERENT FORMS OF FALSEHOOD.

When the dinner-hour approached, which was, of course, the time for Mr. True to be expected home from his counting-room in town, John found his uneasiness of mind gradually returning. He had not told his mother yet what he had done, and now he did not see how he could bear to tell her at all. He finally concluded, on the whole, that he would let the affair pass without saying anything about it, and he attempted to quiet his conscience in this decision by firmly resolving that he would never allow himself to be enticed away in such a manner again. He would have been, on the whole, tolerably easy in mind in coming to this conclusion were it not for the dread he felt of the approaching interview with his father. He was afraid that his father might question him about the transactions of the day.

"He often asks me at table," said John to himself, "something about the school, and, if he should ask me to-day, what *should* I tell him?"

In a word, John was afraid to meet his father. When the time arrived for expecting him, he slipped out of the house, and remained in the stable till the dinner-bell rang. Then he found Lucy and went in to dinner with her, talking with her very busily all the time. He had a vague idea that, by talking earnestly with Lucy, the danger would be somewhat diminished of his father's asking him about his school, or what he had been doing during the day. His father did talk with him, and the manner in which John was led, in the course of this conversation, through the various steps and degrees of falsehood was very curious, and illustrates the nature of falsehood in its several successive gradations quite remarkably. Falsehood, in its full and complete form, consists in saying plainly and openly that a thing is true when we know well it is not true. But there are many subordinate kinds and degrees of falsehood which a person may be led into, and be truly guilty of the sin, while he stops short of this ultimate boundary.

As soon as the family were seated at the table, Mr. True observed that John was very much interested in getting Lucy well placed in her seat. He seemed pleased at this, and said: "That's right, John, always help your sister Lucy. I like a boy that looks out well for his sister."

John felt a little ashamed and guilty when he reflected what his motive was for making himself so busy with Lucy just at that time, but he said nothing.

"And how have you got along to-day in your affairs?" continued Mr. True. "Have you had a good time?"

"Yes, sir," said John.

The moment the words were spoken, the question arose in John's mind whether what he said was a falsehood or not. In one sense he had had a good time, for he had been much amused at seeing the procession of soldiers and at watching the operation of extinguishing the fire. But, then, in another sense he had not had a good time; for it seemed to him that, on the whole, he had never spent a more miserable day.

This is one kind of falsehood, when we say what in one sense is true, while in the sense in which we mean it to be understood it is not true. The meaning of Mr. True's question was whether, on the whole, his boy had spent his time happily during the day.

"And what have you been doing since you came home from school?" asked Mr. True.

"I have been up in the play-room, playing with Lucy," said John.

This is another form of falsehood. It is falsehood by implication. It is when what we say is not directly false itself, but *implies* something that is false. The meaning of John's answer was that he had been in the play-room since he came home from school, which implied that he *had come home* from school, and, consequently, that he had been there, which was not true.

"That's right," said Mr. True. "You're a great deal safer playing with Lucy in the play-room than you are out in the street with chance boys."

"I expected," said Mrs. True, "when John set off to go to school this morning, to see him back again before long; for there was a long procession of soldiers coming up the avenue, and I did not see how he was going to get across. But it seems he contrived to get across some way or other."

"Oh, the boys can run through between the ranks," said Mr. True. "I have seen them do it very often."

"Were all the boys at school to-day?" said Mr. True. "I should have thought that many of them would have wanted to have a holiday to see the soldiers."

"Pretty much all," said John, rather faintly.

This was another of the form of falsehood, saying that a thing is so and so when you don't know whether it is so or not. A great many people will falsify their word in this way when they would by no means be willing to assert what they knew positively was *not* true.

And here, perhaps, I ought to say, in justice to John, that I have no idea that, if his father had asked him directly, in so many words, whether he had been at school that day, he would have said that he had. I presume that, if the question had come up distinctly before John's mind whether he should tell the truth or an open, positive falsehood, he would have chosen to tell the truth, no matter what the consequences might be. He, however, was unwilling to confess his fault at the dinner table, partly on account of its being such a public occasion; for, besides his father and mother and his sister Lucy, he had another elder sister, named Anna, who was present. Then, besides, Wilton was there, waiting at the table, and John did not wish that *he* should know anything about the affair.

Feeling thus strongly averse to making any explanation at the table, it is not surprising that, when the questions which his father asked were put in such a form as not to require him to tell a direct and positive falsehood, he yielded to the temptation of answering them as he did.

But, whenever boys allow themselves to be drawn into such a position as John was now in, they usually end by telling plain and positive falsehoods, in the most direct and unequivocal manner; for, after having implied and consented to what is not true, it becomes, as it seems to them, too late to deny it if they are called upon to state positively one thing or the other. John himself, in this instance, got caught in this snare; for, in about half an hour after the preceding conversation, there was a little pause while Wilton was bringing in the dessert, and Mr. True turned unexpectedly to John and said,—

"Well, John, did you have a good time at recess to-day?"

"Yes, sir," said John.

He was called upon so suddenly by this question that it seemed as if he had no time to think of anything else to say.

"What did you play?" asked his father.

The poor boy was now too deeply involved to be able to extricate himself without exercising a greater degree of courage and resolution than such a boy could be expected to possess. So he answered, though in a somewhat timid and hesitating manner, "Why, we played ball a little and we ran around."

This was what the boys usually did in the recess, and so it was the answer that seemed to rise, by a sort of instinct, to John's lips. He said it almost before he thought what he was saying.

The moment the words were uttered John was sorry that he had spoken them. But it was too late to recall them, and he did not know what he should do.—*Jacob Abbott.*

(To be continued.)

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE AFFECTIONS OF BIRDS.

I believe as firmly in the morality of animals as in the morality of bishops and deans.—*Sir Edwin Arnold, in the Youth's Companion.*

Man exhibits hardly a trait which he will not find reflected in the life of a bird.—*Frank M. Chapman, "Bird Life."*

Man, with all his striving towards a better social state, has, as a whole, not yet attained to the enduring affection for the mate which is evinced by the greater part of the birds.—*Nathaniel Southgate Shaler, "Domesticated Animals."*

It is a time-worn belief that birds have no family affections; that their loving care of their mates and young continues only through the time of their helplessness; and that, as soon as the young are trained and capable of taking care of themselves, all interest in each other ceases. It is even said, as noted in a preceding chapter, that the parents drive away their offspring.

Volumes of proof of the family affection of birds could be produced. Mr. Pollard says that the long-tailed titmouse (an English bird) continues to associate with the young long after they leave the nest. They go about in family groups till the next spring. He once saw a pair and their ten young ones sunning themselves together on some rhododendron bushes.

Dr. Roberts, in an interesting account of Franklin's gull, read before the American Ornithologists' Union in 1899, spoke of the affection of mothers for their young, and not alone for their own. The infant gull, it seems, is a wanderer, escaping from the nest early in life and wandering about among the neighboring nests of the colony. Every mother tries to coax these stragglers to cuddle down by her and be taken care of, and some of them manage to collect about themselves a goodly number of the roving infants. This does not meet the approval of the real mother, who, on her return from her food-hunt, proceeds to look up her little folk and get them home by the summary process of taking them by the neck—the only way she can take them—and returning them to their proper nest.

"Quail," says Elliott, "are affectionate birds, and each little family keeps always together, no member ever leaving the main body unless under compulsion, and then it is very restless and unhappy until it has regained its companions." When scattered, they come together again, each one calling a low, plaintive "quoi-i-hee," and, responding, going towards each other till all are united.

Mr. Selous, in his close watching of shags, or cormorants, speaks of their pretty family life. The young are good-tempered and playful, a good deal like puppies, "and the heart goes out to them and their loving, careful, assiduous parents. As pretty domestic scenes are enacted daily and hourly on these stern old rocks, within the very heave and dash of the waves, as ever in Arcadia or in any neat little elegant bower where the goddess of such things presides."

The same writer, too, in speaking of nesting guillemots, says: "Much affection is shown between the paired birds. One that is sitting will often be very much cosseted by the partner who stands close behind or beside her. With the tip of his long, pointed beak he, as it were, nibbles the feathers of her head, neck, and throat, while she with eyes half closed, . . . bends her head backward or sideways towards him, occasionally nibbling at him at the same time. When the young one appears, the father cossets it in the same way, only very gently. Both parents stand side by side over the chick as if they could not make enough of it."

The loon, or great northern diver, is reported to have displayed her mother love and anxiety in this manner to a sportsman fishing in Sebago Lake in Maine. He surprised the mother with one young one near his canoe. She was employing every artifice to call the little one away, but the infant swam so near the boat that the fisherman took him aboard in his landing net, and, holding him on his knee, gently stroked his

downy coat, to the evident satisfaction of the youngster. Meanwhile the mother was in an agony of distress. At first, forgetting her native wildness and timidity in her mother love, she boldly approached the canoe, and, rising in the water till she appeared to stand upon it, furiously flapped her wings, uttering menacing cries. Finding this of no avail, she pretended that she was wounded, rolling over in the water and finally lying still as if dead, evidently to attract attention to herself and away from the young one. The fisherman, touched by these displays of motherly affection, put the young loon into the water, upon which the mother instantly came to life, and again tried to entice her little one to go with her. But he liked his new acquaintance so well that he remained near the boat until the man paddled away to a considerable distance, where he waited to see the outcome of the adventure. As he withdrew, the mother, with cries of joy, swam to her little one, dived beneath him, and, taking him on her back, quickly bore him to a safe distance, when she stopped, and the human listener says he never imagined the loon could produce such soft, sweet, melodious notes as she then uttered.—*From "The Bird, Our Brother."*

BIOGRAPHY.

MARGARET FULLER.

The difficulty which we all feel in describing our past intercourse and friendship with Margaret Fuller is that the intercourse was so intimate and the friendship so personal that it is like making a confession to the public of our most interior selves. For this noble person, by her keen insight and her generous interest, entered into the depth of every soul with which she stood in any real relation. To print one of her letters is like giving an extract from our own private journal. To relate what she was to us is to tell how she discerned elements of worth and beauty where others could only have seen what was commonplace and poor: it is to say what high hopes, what generous assurance, what a pure ambition, she entertained on our behalf, —a hope and confidence which may well be felt as a rebuke to our low attainments and poor accomplishments.

Nevertheless, it seems due to this great soul that those of us who have been blessed and benefited by her friendship should be willing to say what she has done for us, undeterred by the thought that to reveal her is to expose ourselves.

My acquaintance with Sarah Margaret Fuller began in 1829. We both lived in Cambridge, and from that time until she went to Groton to reside, in 1833, I saw her or heard from her almost every day. There was a family connection, and we called each other cousin. During this period her intellect was intensely active. With what eagerness did she seek for knowledge! What fire, what exuberance, what reach, grasp, overflow of thought, shone in her conversation! She needed a friend to whom to speak of her studies, to whom to express the ideas which were dawning and taking shape in her mind. She accepted me for this friend, and to me it was a gift of the gods, an influence like no other.

For the first few months of our acquaintance our intercourse was simply that of two young persons seeking entertainment in each other's society. Perhaps a note written at this time will illustrate the easy and graceful movement of her mind in this superficial kind of intercourse.

"*March* 16, 1830. *Half-past six, morning.* —I have encountered that most commonplace of glories, sunrise (to say nought of being praised and wondered at by every member of the family in succession), that I might have leisure to answer your note even as you requested. I thank you a thousand times for 'The Rivals.'* Alas! I must leave my heart in the book, and spend the livelong morning in reading to a sick lady from some amusing story-book. I tell you of this act of (in my professedly unamiable self) most unwonted charity, for three several reasons: firstly, and foremostly, because I think that you, being a socialist by vocation, a sentimentalist by nature, and a Channingite from force of circumstances and fashion, will peculiarly admire this little self-sacrifice exploit; secondly, because 'tis neither conformable to the spirit of the nineteenth century nor the march of mind that those churlish reserves should be kept up between *the right and left hands*, which belonged to ages of barbarism and prejudice, and could only have been inculcated for their use; thirdly, and lastly, the true lady-like reason,— because I would fain have my correspondent enter into and sympathize with my feelings of the moment.

"As to the relationship, 'tis, I find, on inquiry, by no means to be compared with that between myself and ——: of course, the

*"The Rivals" was a novel I had lent her,—if I remember right, by the author of the "Collegians," a writer who in those days interested us not a little.

intimacy cannot be so great, But no matter: it will enable me to answer your notes, and you will interest my imagination much more than if I knew you better. But I am exceeding legitimate note-writing limits. With a hope that this epistle may be legible to your undiscerning eyes, I conclude,

"Your cousin only thirty-seven degrees removed, "M."

—*James Freeman Clarke, "Life of Margaret Fuller."*

(To be continued.)

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, Canton Corner, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

NOVEL PUZZLE.

Example: Behead a contest of arms, prefix another letter, and make a time of darkness. Answer, fight, night.

1. Behead a bird allied to the crows, prefix another letter, and make denial.

2. Behead to leave, prefix another letter, and make to discharge.

3. Behead wise, prefix another letter, and make violent anger.

4. Behead to masticate, prefix another letter, and make a rodent.

5. Behead a square flat-bottom boat, prefix another letter, and make a relative.

6. Behead frozen drops of rain, prefix another letter, and make to lament.

The beheaded letters, reading downward, will spell the Christian name, and the prefix letters, reading upward, will spell the surname of a celebrated American killed in a battle fought in June.

II.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 34 letters.

My 2, 22, 17, 3, 33, is a vehicle for transporting merchandise.

My 7, 3, 24, is to plunder.

My 5, 4, 19, 25, is a stringed instrument.

My 6, 1, 29, 26, 5, 8, 23, 9, is to pluck up from the spot where planted.

My 10, 16, 15, 14, is recompense for personal service.

My 13, 11, 29, 32, 34, is to surround.

My 20, 8, 12, 33, is a small mountain lake.

My 18, 28, 27, is a pronoun.

My 21, 30, 23, 31, is the female of the red deer.

My whole is Henry Clay's famous epigram.

III.

ADDITIONS.

1. Add one thousand to ancient and make to fashion.

2. Add five to the extreme point and make to sell.

3. Add one hundred to above and make a small drinking vessel.

4. Add five hundred to a boy's nickname and make an embankment to prevent inundation.

5. Add fifty to the native form of a metal and make wisdom.

IV.

RHOMBOID.

. . . .
. . . .
. . . .
. . . .

Across: A pointed weapon; a number of persons associated together in any work; to pull; a beautiful garden.

Downwards: A consonant; a preposition; a color; a leguminous herb; crazy; a pronoun; a consonant.

Answers to Puzzles in the May Number.

I. A ZIGZAD.—

D I N T
T **O** Y S
L O U T
B O M **B**
I D **L** E
T E N T
H A L T
L E A D
T E A L
B A R **D**

II. CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.—1. William Wordsworth. 2. Alice and Phœbe Cary. 3. Geoffrey Chaucer. 4. Thomas Hood. 5. George Gordon Noel Byron.

III. DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Addison. Emerson.

IV. HEROES AND HEROINES.—1. Deerslayer. 2. Our Mutual Friend. 3. Real Diary of a Real Boy. 4. Easter. 5. Last of the Mohicans. 6. Pickwick Papers.

Without faith in the immortal progress of the soul, it does not seem worth while to pursue human improvement here. We need the conviction of our infinite destiny to make our finite life worth living.

Faith is the happy consciousness that God is around us with his perpetual care, beneath us with his supreme power, above us with his providential blessing, within us with his constant inspiration.

Faith is the golden key which unlocks this splendid treasury, the human soul. Whatever is right and good, whatever the instinct of the heart tells us to do, believe that we are able to do it, and we can do it.

We have time enough, opportunity enough, faculty enough, for everything. One thing only we need, and that is faith in the nature God has given us, its capacities and possibilities.

Sunday should not be for mere church-going nor for mere amusement. It should rest both body and soul, mind and heart, preparing us to go to our work next day in a better spirit, with new hope, courage, devotion to principle, faith in God, love to man.

The weakest of all things, perhaps, is scepticism. Unless a man has some fixed, clear convictions, he drifts helplessly through the world.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

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The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

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Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

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Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

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